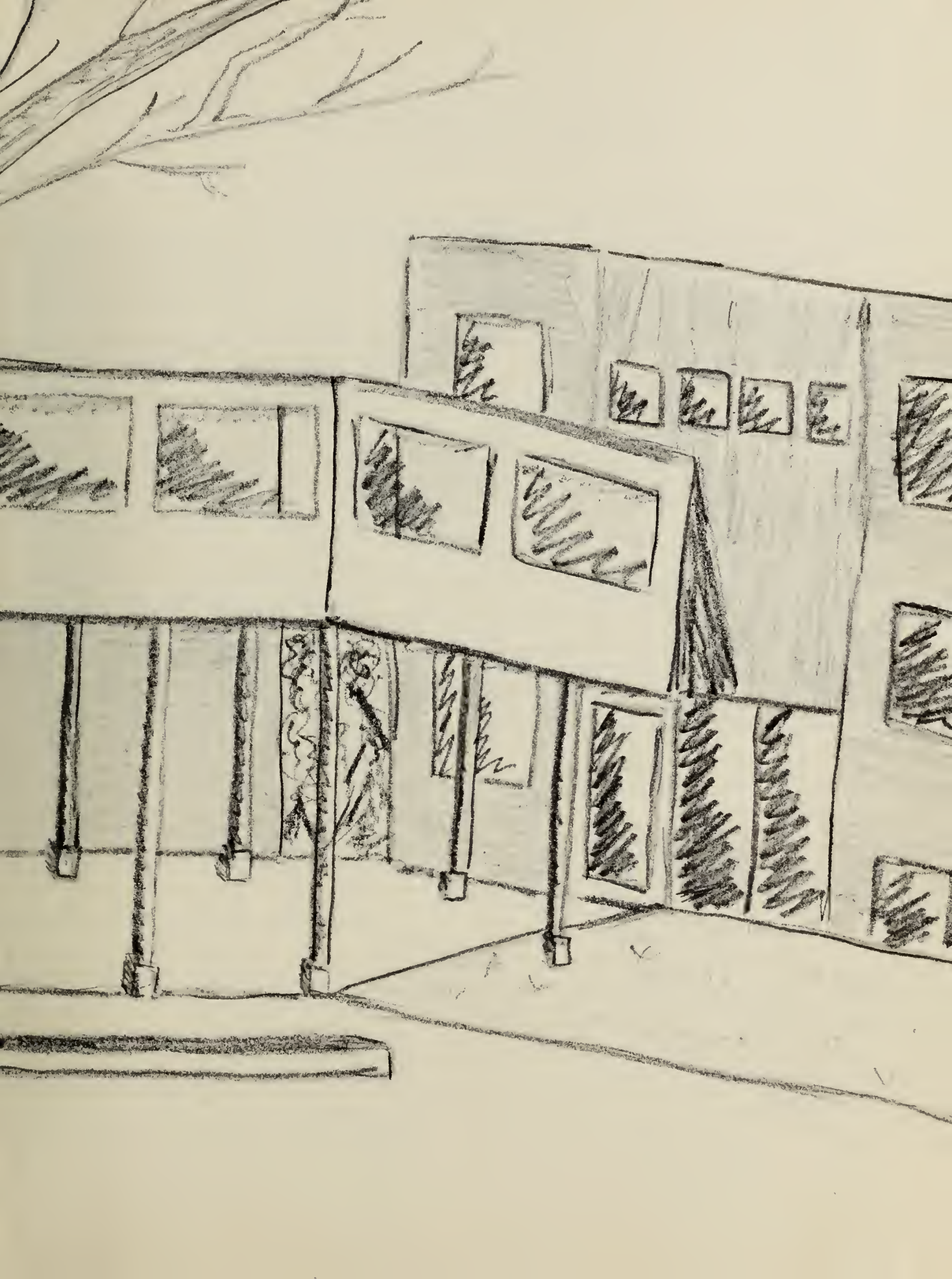




OPTIMA ANNI '73







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BALMORAL HALL



The picture is backwards

DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Balmoral Hall is ideally located. Eight acres of land surrounding the buildings provide ample space for summer and winter sports. In addition to the required academic subjects, classes are given in ART, MUSIC, PHYSICAL TRAINING, GAMES, and DRAMATICS. Nursery School to Grade XII.

For prospectus and information write to the headmaster:

Mr. R. Martin Kenney,
Balmoral Hall,
71 Langside St.,
Winnipeg,
Manitoba.
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EDITORIAL

This past year at Balmoral Hall has been a year full of changes. We had Grade 11 prefects for the first time. There were also the announcements that Balmoral Hall will lose Residence and that we are getting a new principal. There was also the question of closing Senior High School. Our yearbook has tried to adapt to these changes so that you will remember Balmoral Hall as it was for the 1972-73 year.

It is difficult to create a yearbook that reflects the excitements, tensions and disappointments of our school days. We know that our Graduating class of 1972-73 have experienced these same feelings and even more so since they are leaving us. We appreciate the roles they have played in the school and we sincerely hope that they

will succeed in their various fields of endeavour.

We would especially like to express our best wishes to Dr. Perry. This yearbook is dedicated to her and we hope it will enable her to look back on this, her last year at Balmoral Hall, with fond remembrances.

It has been a valuable experience working on OPTIMA ANNI, often discouraging, often disappointing but in the end rewarding. We hope you will appreciate and enjoy the results of our efforts and that the pages of this yearbook will recall happy memories to you for a long time to come.

Moira and Cathy

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. JAMES A. RICHARDSON

A GOOD FRIEND OF THE SCHOOL



To the students of Balmoral Hall,

The close of this school year brings many changes for us all.

I hope that the school programme has offered you a suitable base for your further development and that you achieved at least in part, what you have promised yourself. I wish you well in that undertaking.

Yours sincerely,

H.M. Perry, M.D.,
Principal.



HEAD GIRL AND SCHOOL CAPTAIN REPORT

Balmoral Hall is a school for individuals, an institution where girls are extremely well prepared for University and at the same time taught a lot about people and life. Because of its small size, some say that Balmoral Hall is insignificant, but those of us attending the school know that to be false. Balmoral Hall develops her students not only academically, but prepares us for our life in the future as well. This is one of Balmoral Hall's most important aspects. She recognizes the individuality of every young girl, and that top marks may not be as important as the students' development into good and honest people.

We are given every opportunity imaginable in our education, with the help of an excellently qualified staff. They taught us not only our academic subjects, but also of what we could expect in University. They were generous in advising us in our choices of faculties and universities or other activities for the next year.

In our non-academic time, sports were much to be enjoyed. The small numbers were a problem for team sports, but a lot of credit should be given to Mrs. Evans for encouraging and organizing many activities. Lack of participation in some efforts was demoralizing, but Spirit Week was a great success and one of the most enjoyable weeks of the year. (If only it could be like that always!)

Although our social functions this year were few, the ones that did take place were much appreciated and enjoyed by all. We hope that next year there will be more extracurricular events.

The students went through a confusing and sad time this year when it was thought that Senior High was closing and the definite closing of Residence will be a great loss to the school. Residence may not have been always happy, but it was always interesting, and all the different personalities and the places they represented were an education to all with whom they came in contact. Balmoral Hall will certainly miss Residence and the day girls will have to be extra active next year to make up for the loss.

Many changes were made this year in student council, the most important being the introduction of Grade 11 prefects as Househeads and Head of Choir. They certainly worked hard and said their fair share in student and executive councils.

Again we would like to thank the teachers for all the counseling and help they have given us this year. Our thanks to the Board for all the support they gave us, and all our best to all the girls next year.

Patricia Tuer
Lois MacLean



KIM ALDRICH

If you want to know what a Leo's like, call Kim. Our most eastern kid in res. has been called everything from simply stubborn to mule-headed and has never backed down once. Her many trips across the river led to a near fatal accident but it was covered up by another accident. Lucky for Kim. Her age will forever be marked by some broken glass in a corner of Dalton House. Our second term class President is heading back to T. B. next year for B. S. C. nursing. Heaven help the patients. Keep diving and smiling.



BEV JACKS

Bev, our shy Grade 9'er with perfect attendance, decided to become a part-time student in Grade 12. She can be found at Pony Corral and Richmond Hockey games. She came late from Easter in Florida and sickened all us white Canadians with her tan. Bev is our regular "Gondola Girl". (How's your oil and vinegar?) Bev has considered a number of destinies but will probably become a trouble of the skies or a Dr. Dolittle. Good luck!

WENDY JONES

Our carrot-topped Ottawatonian newcomer has been our math brain all year. She was Class Vice-President the last term. After school she would leave a trail of dust behind her as she ran to see if a wine coloured car was in the parking lot. (remember the letter from Ottawa International Airport!?) Our knowledgeable Wendy can always tell what state of mind anyone is in. She and Dodo could often be seen rehashing previous night's events at Gondola. With her mania for working, she drove us all nuts. See ya in the computer room in a couple of years.



LOIS MACLEAN

EEE-EEE-Giggle-Giggle. The boarders sanity was saved half way through the year by our monkey's disorganized departure. Our school Captain emerged from Camrose, Alberta's HICKEY town, in Grade 11. Her attraction for bottles led her out the bathroom window one cold winter night. At the sight of a guy, off go the glasses and on comes the asthma attack. Lois's passion for food led to serviette packages leaving the dining room. (example; matrimonial cake) Lois will take her future as it comes, hopefully with Raz or Jon or Pete or...





AMANDA MALLON

She likes 'em hairy!! Mandy has lived everywhere from the tropics to the tundra, but for 4 long years has been coming to us from Rankin Inlet. As such she could boast of being Aikin's Houses only northerner. She had the distinction of being Head of Residence as well as our second bouncer. Our fuzzy-topped head could be seen on the grounds at odd times and for some reason, she and Bev seemed to enjoy more Math classes than the rest of us. Between diets and the kitchen, our friendly monster had her good and bad times and always kept things jumping Thursday nights. As she floats towards education and the little ones we hope our even-tempered friend will succeed.



DOLORES DEPAIVA

Dolores, our personnel pilot, flew in Grade 3 and has tail winds ever since. Her voice is barely audible in class, but oh that Chick-a-Boom!! Those nails which were continually breaking in gym, proved to be a good defence against boags. She was Ozzy's favorite pal and our Saccarine Kid. She hopes to see us at the Air Canada ticket counter at the airport. Happy landings.

DEBBIE STILBORN

Farmer Deb came to us in Grade 9 from the booming metropolis of Lorie, Sask. She started off as a shy innocent worker. Somehow Debbie has transformed into a mischief-maker who starts everything but never gets nabbed. She was quiet but somehow she got an interest in hockey. (I wonder who from, Yeah Don Laraway, eh Deb?) The early-to-bedders loved Deb for her late-night fire drills. She plans to go on to Home Ec. in Regina.



PATRICIA TUER

There's a lot more to our Head Girl than meets the eye, as residence first learned when she arrived in Grade 11. Trish left res. at Christmas but not being to stand the separation, she decided to grace us with her presence at Easter. You could always tell when anything was brewing by the look in Trish's eyes. We missed Tuer over Easter but forgave her when we saw her tan. Many a residence blow-up was averted due to Trish's steadying influence. We wish her Happy Hunting in Commerce at U. of M. next year.





MARY WHITTAKER

Mary, our modest(?) sports captain was also known as our "big-nosed residence Frenchman". Burnies favorite student, who couldn't add 1 and 1, was also termed illiterate by another of her buddies. Our moon hockey player scored only 2 goals of her team's world famous season, and although J. B. was no longer playing, she remains forever faithful. (Will you ever forget the letter?) King Cheat is going to the animals (dogs) next year as she heads into pre-vet at U. of A. Keep frying Mary.



LAUREL YETMAN

The ex-boarder (one of the two bouncers) has haunted our hallowed Halls since Grade 10. Laurel (otherwise known as the phone hog in res.) was Head of Dalton House and Grad. Once a day-girl, she can be found at Pony Corral and Richmond Hockey games or mysterious dentist appointments. She always has an interesting (?) story to tell after weekends. Her "True Confessions" has kept res. interested and waiting for Mondays. She plans to go into I.D.

REMEMBER

- ... hitting the foil?
- ... the pierced twins?
- ... the stoned ranger?
- ... "We shall overcome"?
- ... the good meals at Shepherd's and Lander's? - Thanks
- ... "I reserve tomorrow to be sick"?
- ... skipping prayers?
- ... falling asleep during Hamlet?
- ... "Will you marry me, Wendy"?
- ... you playing twains?
- ... burrs on the riverbank?
- ... a well-packed raincoat in the rain?
- ... nothing?
- ... ticker tapes in Physics, hey Bev?
- ... those Monday afternoon Math classes?
- ... Gondola for lunch?
- ... Armanda, Beaverlie?
- ... vicious triangle?
- ... the armchair, Lois?
- ... "where's the after-party, where's a date"?
- ... trucking to Clear Lake?
- ... Friday morning prayers?
- ... "Guess what you guys, only 1,319,600 seconds left. "?
- ... spring cleaning? Off with the windows.
- ... "But we can't have the test today. "?
- ... "Mary, spit out your gum"?
- ... they always seem to be so concerned?
- ... the residence yo-yo's, Trish and Lois?
- ... track and backwards down the stairs?
- ... Lois is more a boarder now she's out?
- ... "Oh---, I forgot to ring the bell"?
- ... You mean I'm on fruit?
- ... swimming on Friday.
- ... meeting the absentees for lunch.
- ... "I bet he's having a baby. "
- ... Dolores's regular pick-up.
- ... dental inspection.
- ... muscle contests in Gondola.
- ... Laurel's bent fork.
- ... Bridal books for lunch.
- ... worried teachers.
- ... French snow fights.
- ... Bev's interception of the mail.
- ... "Lois! Keep that trap shut. "
- ... You like it!
- ... smegglies.
- ... Holy Hot Hoggies.
- ... Mandy's dead grass.
- ... bathing beauties.
- ... "We, pardon, Mary loves you J.B. "
- ... Math coffee breaks
- ... Biology dentist appointments or was that doctor.
- ... you TURKEY.
- ... we're a bunch of dopes.
- ... flying in Math.
- ... Bev the blotch.
- ... bouncers against the wall! Not Mandy and Laurel?
- ... Cooper's droops!?
- ... it's been awfully dry lately.
- ... Boobs!
- ... Murray, you're a weasel or was that cream-puff.
- ... have you seen the latest pics of my niece?
- ... Biology water experiments: all over, eh Deb!
- ... homemade valentines.
- ... study in the library. Boom Boom.
- ... fig newtons, this is the tricky part.
- ... re-decorating B.H.
- ... Debbie did it!
- ... Eat my shoe.
- ... Lilacs in Math.
- ... "let's have a party, sssh, party. "
- ... Have you got a date for Grad? No!
- ... Mandy's care package.
- ... Whatever happened to grand pins?
- ... who stuffed the bell in the senior locker bell?
- ... cellophane over the toilet seat.
- ... Royanna Earl!
- ... the purple hat.
- ... SPIT
- ... Hi Honey!
- ... Mary's grand central station.

GRADE 11



MARGO CAMERON - Margo came here from the Pas, home of the Trappers' Festival, north of 53. Mags astounded us with her wide vocabulary. Her favorite letter is "F." The "S's" usually slip out in Geog., though. She has a cute little cackle. "Eh Margo, you got no beauty."

ANNE KHOUW - Moo-moo, from Indonesia, is our straight A student. Is that your average or your initial? Anne just loves history. All she can say is "Whaet."



MOIRA CRUICKSHANK - Our stringbean's happiness will be finding a tall, English guy that "likes battles". How's S.J.R. for you, Cruickbean? She can be found locked in the year-book room writing love letters to her latest flame. Her motto is "If I don't bug, I don't get!"



ANN HINTON - Worm came sailing in from Newfoundland or is that "Wormer Lake". Her ambition is to be able to see the top of the dresser. Our Head of Craig Gowan knows the children shoe department inside out.

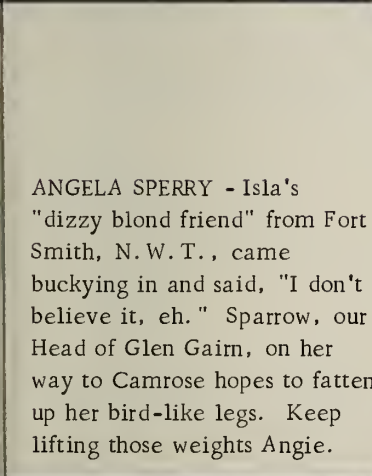
DEBBIE KOWALCHUK - Chucker came burning in from Souris this year and all she could say was "Wig-Wag". She has a one track mind. "Sports, sports, sports." Deb's main courtship this year was with a hockey stick. Goalie at that!





AINSLIE MACFARLANE - Our organizer of Spirit Week has a great imagination. She was blown in from the slopes of the Rockies by a chinook. Travel has always been a great difficulty for Ainslie. MacFee's punctuality was demonstrated during exam week. Better late than never.

CATHY SHERMAN - Our skinny little runt, Shermie, paid her first visit here in '71. Her favorite pastimes are being sarcastic and helping with the yearbook. She makes excellent introductions. Sherm likes to annoy the boarders by marking them absent when everyone tells her they're here.



ANGELA SPERRY - Isla's "dizzy blond friend" from Fort Smith, N. W. T., came buckying in and said, "I don't believe it, eh." Sparrow, our Head of Glen Gaim, on her way to Camrose hopes to fatten up her bird-like legs. Keep lifting those weights Angie.



ISLA MEEK - Isla rolled in from "weigh up north" two years ago. Our Head of Choir's voice never fails, it's always around. Isla is known for her History essay sickness, Biology blues, etc. Anyway we hope our cheery residence psychiatrist makes it in Social Work.

BROOKE McAREE - Mac from Moose Lake trucked in two years ago. Brooke spends hours in the bath reading Harlequin Romances. Because of Brooke's anti-male magnetism, she attracts people from far away places. Brooke, you breastlie beast you.





DAWN STEPHEN - If you ever want to hear a story, go to Dawn from Dauphin, Head of Dalton. All you hear is John, John Bass. Are there any polar bears in Dauphin, Dawn? Dawn is known for her big mouth. "Stephen, you're too bold."



SIGNY STEWART - Sig has been in this institution for life. Although she's Head of Braemar, she still prefers her French-English Dictionary to a volleyball. Our shiny-shoed, sweetly-smiling prefect is a hard worker whose ambition is to be able to put the car in the garage.



MARNIE STOVEL - Turts, our green Head of Ballater, came bopping in from Washington, or is it Ottawa? Not only does her smile crack her face but it cracks everyone else's. Slow and steady wins the race, eh Turts.



ALICIA TAM - Alicia, formerly from Hong Kong, is the only quiet grade 11. Her answer to every question is "Um" but she manages to get good marks.



WAITING IN TIME

Tomorrow was yesterday's thought of time,
Questioning pace given to childhood,
Seeking an unthought forgiveness
Waiting for the eternity
... for an everlasting eternally peace.

Unconsciously waiting for the Great God
To wave a magic wand
Correcting the reality of converse.

But don't wait for change!
It's only met on the road,
Which is in thought.
Live and Care...
For eternity is never bought.

Ann Hinton
Grade 11





BACK ROW: S. Shephard, L. Riley, B. Jacks, J. MacAulay, E. Gibson.
FRONT ROW: B. Bereznay, J. Siu, J. Everett, J. Hollo.



GRADE 10

- Barb J. ambition: To beat Elvis Presley.
fate: Tiny Talent Time.
- Jane E. ambition: Maxwell Smart.
fate: Zigfried.
- Brigitte B. 3 fast types of communication are telephone,
telegraph and tell-a-Brigitte.
- Leslie R. ambition: Shakespeare's "Hamlet".
fate: Fag prince in "Sleeping Beauty".
- Jill M. ambition: To be part Canadian, part American.
fate: A Communist.
- Susanne S. Take you down by the river... and washes your
feet.
- Judy H. ambition: Playboy stripper.
fate: Having a bath in her bathing suit.
- Ellie G. ambition: To be a milkmaid.
fate: Milking a bull.
- Heather B. ambition: Marriage!?
fate: The Gondola Pizza Boy.
- Joanna S. ambition: To stay awake in classes.
fate: To dream "The Impossible Dream".
- Sosan M. ambition: To be a photographer.
fate: Playboy photographer.

DO YOU REMEMBER...

- ...rice krispies, lemon shaving cream, toothpaste, and egg fights.
- ... Soldier Boy.
- ... Elvis Presley.
- ... the water fight that flooded the Christmas Dance.
- ... cooking onion rings and popcorn.
- ... Mrs. Trevenan's farewell party.
- ... Sleeping Beauty
- ... chocolate chip wedding march.
- ... cakes to order in the Greatest Bake Sale ever.





BACK ROW: S. Coyne, L. Oldham, M. Campbell, E. MacTavish, J. Reid, M. Kaufman.
MIDDLE ROW: N. Chapman, M. Macdonald, J. Ashdown, D. Metcalfe, S. Gloster.
FRONT ROW: E. Buchanan, J. Whiteford, R. Menzies, J. Tennant.



GRADE 9

- Joan A. ambition: To be Nancy Green the second.
fate: To turn into a Mars Bar.
- Liz B. ambition: To have a long and happy life.
fate: To drop dead.
- Mary Jo C. ambition: The Equestrian Superstar.
fate: shoveling more than riding.
- Nancy C. ambition: Doesn't know what she wants to be.
fate: Won't get very far doing it.
- Susan C. ambition: To be Red Skelton the second.
fate: To be a hamburger on a McDonalds commercial.
- Susan G. ambition: To be a doctor.
fate: To learn how to use a thermometer.
- Marna K. ambition: First woman hockey player in the N.H.L.
fate: To lose her chest pads.
- Mary M. ambition: "It's not going to kill."
fate: To kill somebody.
- Lib M. Our uncivilized greasy friend from Fort Garry slid in to see
the school and saw it.
- Becky M. ambition: To be a marine biologist.
fate: To drown after losing her life jacket.
- Deb M. ambition: To be a ground hostess.
Fate: To be hijacked to the john. (bathroom)
- Lorna O. ambition: To know all the guys in the world.
fate: To turn into a lesbian.
- Jennifer R. ambition: For her weight to shift to the right places.
fate: To get breast cancer.
- Joy T. ambition: World's gold medalist in skating.
fate: To perfect the bunny hop.
- Janet W. ambition: To create the perfect Arabian.
fate: To create a plow horse.





BACK ROW: L. Schmidt, S. Scanes, E. Cherewan, S. Richardson, J. Shepard.
FRONT ROW: L. Wharton, C. Martin, D. Salter, K. Purves.

TREES IN THE WIND

Have you ever noticed that the trees meet the wind first?
They're standing very quietly when it comes on in a burst.
The trees sway madly to and fro,
All because of the way the wind does blow.

Laurie Wharton,
Grade 8.



GRADE 8

WILL YOU EVER FORGET...

- ... Sandy, Mike and the quick flight down to Chicago?
- ... Julie and Dave?
- ... changing seats in the planetarium?
- ... ROSS! and Cathy?
- ... the day that Sara's tie was longer than her kilt?
- ... the day Jeanette did her bust exercise in class?
- ... the day Cathy belched in the exam room?
- ... when Cathy climbed the Craig Gowan Tree and got stuck?
- ... Jeanette's banana?
- ... the 5 minute laugh?
- ... the day Cathy occupied the occupied seat?
- ... Mrs. Connelly's math classes?
- ... the day Karen got her braces off?
- ... Roachers?
- ... Karen's frequent pregnancies?
- ... the deal with Laura and Jeanette?
- ... Laura and Mrs. Connelly's grumbly grumbles?
- ... sssneakies?
- ... "Laurie you're smart." "I know."
- ... Jeanette's forgetfulness?
- ... 5 minutes before prayers?

Will you ever forget Sandy, Karen, Laurie, Cathy, Sara, Drew, Laura, and Jeanette?



AGAIN

Autumn has come again and the leaves are falling,
The children can hardly wait to build a fort,
The leaves are dying with one thing in mind,
That autumn has come again.

The squirrel is looking for nuts for winter,
And the children are starting school,
The sun is saying good-bye to things of the summer,
With one thing in mind
That autumn has come again.

The days are shorter, that's one thing we notice,
And the noise of lawn mowers is dying away,
The mothers are buying heavier clothes.
With one thing in mind.
That autumn has come again.



Karen Purves
Grade 8



BACK ROW: E. Chapman, K. Dyke, L. Ashdown, J. MacAulay, C. Osler, P. Mann, W. Wharton.
MIDDLE ROW: A. Borbely, L. Hawkes, M. Ashdown, C. Shore, L. Evans, K. Holloway.
FRONT ROW: P. Raidt, L. Konantz, E. Schmidt, E. McDonald, J. Cooper.



GRADE 7

CAN YOU IMAGINE...

- ... Lorraine keeping her locker clean?
- ... Mary Grace with short hair?
- ... Agnes being untidy?
- ... Elizabeth filing her fingernails?
- ... poor Jennifer with a low 99%?
- ... the basketball team without Katie?
- ... Lisa changing her earrings?
- ... Laurie not doing her pantomimes?
- ... Karen without her nose in a science book?
- ... Leslie smelling like something different than a horse?
- ... Pamela wearing pumps?
- ... Joanne being shorter than Schmidt?
- ... Biddy having a closed mouth?
- ... Cathy not blushing?
- ... Pat lending anything out of her new pencil case?
- ... Elizabeth being the same height as Wilt the Stilt?
- ... Cindy sneezing normally?
- ... Wendy not being a grandmother in a play?

Can you imagine class co-operation?







IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL by David Morton

These walls will not forget, through later days,
How they had bloomed with lifted, tossing heads
Of swaying girls who thronged these ordered ways,
Like windy tulips blowing in their beds.

They will remember laughter down a hall,
And yes more bright than blossoms in the grass-
A dream to haunt them, after all and all,
When they are dead with dusty things that pass.

So that some wind of beauty, waking them,
Whose breath shall be new summer times for earth,
Will stir these scattered stones to dream again.
Of blowing shapes, of brightening eyes and mirth,
And corridors, like windy tulip beds,
Of swaying girls and lifted tossing heads.

Best wishes and Good Luck,

The Grade 12's





WHAT RULES...?



THE SNAKE

Once I was sitting by the lake,
And I saw a water snake.
I screamed when I saw him!
And I called my brother, Jim,
He came laughing down to me,
And he said, said he;
"It isn't really a snake,
It is only a fake."

Maline Brodsky,
Grade 3.





PASSER-BY

I'm just a passer-by,
Strolling on this street,
Tonight I felt like walking;
This is not my normal beat.

I'm just a lonely stranger;
Don't live around this way,
Tonight, my mood explorer
Led my wandering steps astray.

I like the powder snow to fall
It gives such wonderland charms,
To the outstretched branches of the willow trees
That resemble white-gloved arms.

Now I must retrace my steps
The supper scents too strong.
Good-bye to you sparrow, bird,
I'll leave you sing your song.

Heather Brown
Grade 10.

THE SCARED FROG

I was sitting one day
And I started to play,
I walked to a well
And saw a shell.
I thought I saw a dog,
But it was just a frog.
I turned away,
And heard someone say
A brown hog was after a frog.
I tried to pick up the frog
But then he jumped away on a log.

Marnie Edwards
Grade 4.

HALLOWE'EN

High on their broomsticks, witches ride,
Behind them, black cats all hide.

Hallowe'en is a fun filled night,
Hallowe'en is a frightening sight.

Dark street, trick or treat,
Let me in, I have cold feet.

Jack-O'-Lantern blinking bright,
This is the time on Hallowe'en night!

Nicola James
Grade 4

A REST FROM SUMMER

The snowflakes are dancing
In the winter air;
The leaves have fallen,
The trees are bare.
Now the birds have moved quickly by,
And in their place-an empty sky.
The smoke in the chimney is high in flight,
While the long-sparkling stars last longer at
night.
Now the snow is here to stay;
Until, at last, one warm spring day,
The winter life will melt away.

Pamela Mann
Grade 7

MY DOG

"He's my dog-
Four legs and a tail
A reckless vagabond out of jail.
Just a lot of dog, no pedigree,
All kinds of branches on his family tree.
Shoebottom eyes, nose too long,
Makes your head ache when he sings his song.
His legs are gangly, he has knock-knees,
Tears up slippers and harbours fleas.
Wild and wooly, likes to run away,
Knocks you down when he wants to play.
Is fond of 'rassling' with gloves and hats,
Tears up flowerbeds and chases cats.
Sleeps all day, eats like a hog
Absolutely worthless-but,
He's my dog!"

Megan Glassco
Grade 5

THE MOONFLOWER

The most beautiful sight in the world is the time when you can see a moonflower bloom. The only place I've seen it bloom, though, is in Uganda, East Africa. The moonflower gets its name from its shape and colour.

It is very delicate flower, not meant to be touched or handled, just watched and smelled. The fascinating part about this white flower is waiting for the precise time which you learn after you have seen them bloom a few times.

You begin to watch the bud two days before it blooms. You see it grow from a one and a half inch, tall, smooth bud to a two inch, tall, bud with deep grooves going around the bud. Then you would check it at about four o'clock. If it hadn't blossomed by then, you would have to wait for the next day.

If you were lucky, though, you would see the bud quiver slightly as though in a slight breeze. Then it would begin to tremble and then it would break. Very quickly as if in fast motion, it went from the pale green bud to the delicate, pinky white of the moonflower. The most amazing thing is that it takes only from half a minute to two minutes for this three to four inch bud to bloom. You are left breathless with the miracle you have just seen and its beauty.

Ellen Gibson
Grade 10

THE CREEPY HOTEL

Once there was a man named Mr. Samuel Shoehorn and his wife Mrs. Pamela Shoehorn.

One day they went to North Dakota and they stayed in a Holiday Inn for one week. Then one morning, when the Shoehorns were ordering breakfast, Mrs. Shoehorn had a fight with Mr. Holmes about ordering food.

Mr. Shoehorn then stabbed Mrs. Shoehorn in the back! Mrs. Shoehorn then screamed for help, "Help!"

Everybody came into the room. They yelled, "Ahhhh." "Who is the wise guy who killed her? Sob, sob, sob, sniffle," said Mrs. Shoehorn's father.

"I did," said her husband, "I'm sorry. I'll never do it again."

He went to jail. That night his wife's spirit came and killed him with a B-B gun and they both went flip-flop to heaven.

Lynn Wasson
Grade 3

NEGLECT

There is always the unexpected, and it can happen so quickly and without notice, that it could change people's lives forever.

Mr. and Mrs. Monté had supper early and left to watch a football game. They did not bother to find a baby-sitter for their little three year old daughter, Nicole, whom they had put to sleep upstairs. Nicole knew what it was like to go to sleep alone because she had often been left alone. The Montés were expecting company later in the evening and they were not sure when they would be home, so they left the front door open. They did not realize what a large risk they were taking.

Soon after they left the phone rang. No one answered it. It did however wake Nicole and frighten her. She started to kick at her blanket and when she noticed that no one came she sank restlessly back to sleep.

The guests arrived soon after the Montés came home after a very enjoyable evening. Mr. Monté went into the basement to get some bottles of beer and did not notice the large number of burnt matches lying on the floor. As the party became louder, Mrs. Monté decided to go upstairs and close her daughter's door. She did not hear any sound coming from Nicole, and she was grateful that the guests had not woken her up. She did notice that the top drawer was open but she did not want to go inside and disturb Nicole.

Mrs. Jones, a neighbour of the Montés, came home around ten o'clock. As she was closing her garage door she heard something whining. She thought it must be a dog, but suddenly she saw a black figure running from the Monté's house out into the street. It was too dark to see his face. Mrs. Jones decided she would tell the Montés in the morning.

The guests left a little after midnight.

Next morning, Mr. Monté had already left for work when his wife woke up. She noticed how quiet it was and then she saw that Nicole's door was still shut. She thought it was odd because Nicole was always very hungry in the morning and was the first up. But she got dressed, had breakfast and started to clean up from last night's party.

It was pretty late in the morning when she got upstairs and decided that Nicole had slept enough. She was a little worried. She slowly opened the door and looked into the dark room. She saw Nicole in her bed and walked over to the window and started to open the curtains singing cheerfully. When she turned around and saw that Nicole was not asleep but lying limply with a scarf twisted around her neck, Mrs. Monté screamed at the top of her voice and collapsed beside her dead baby.

Mrs. Jones was outside cutting some flowers and she heard the piercing scream. She charged through the Monté's house and stopped dead in her footsteps when she reached the bedroom and saw Mrs. Monte sobbing violently beside the poor mishandled baby, Nicole.

In less than an hour the Monté's house was being searched thoroughly by the police. The murder of little Nicole Monté is still unsolved.

Judith Hollo
Grade 10

THE SHEPHERD

Once upon a time there was a poor boy who loved sheep. His father said they were too poor to feed them.

One warm summer evening, the little boy ran away. He ran off into the dim night. Ahead there was a winding road. It went high, high, higher, up a big hill. It was steep!

Then the boy heard a coyote howl. It was long and spooky. The boy thought about what his father had told him. His father had said that up in the hills, around the town, a wild flock of sheep lived. The little boy thought about the big coyote pouncing on a little lamb. Quickly, he ran up the steep road.

There was the coyote. The boy carved a staff out of a stick and hit the coyote with it.

The little sheep came to him and he led them into a grassy area. They stayed there 'til dawn. Then he counted them. There were thirty.

The next day, there were only ten and soon there were only four. There were two white ones, one black one and one lamb.

The boy grew up with the four sheep and one day he took them to the little house that he had lived in when he was little. His mother and father were very old. They said they did not know him but they would hire him and his sheep. He led the sheep to the luscious green pasture and from then on he was called "The Shepherd".

Teresa English
Grade 4

PEACE

A dove is white for
Purity and gentleness.



LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

Kennedy is a two year old baby boy, and yet, is he really a baby? With his charcoal black hair and chocolate brown skin he seems older than two, but still I wonder. His big brown eyes stare at you, longing to be loved and cared for.

The unspoken words and the unheard sounds make him seem unintelligent, but he understands me just as I understand him.

Watching him sit on the floor rocking back and forth and back and forth makes me wonder what he has been through. The unwanted child with hateful parents, his illness, his deafness, malnutrition and now this, stuck in a babies' home with nobody with whom to share his love.

Life has been so cruel to him, with being deaf, having malnutrition and having no parents. What does he have to look forward to each day? A glass of milk, two square meals - enough to keep him alive - but no love was attached. This is what he really wanted - love.

Then one day someone came into his life! Someone who cared for him, helped him, and most of all, gave him the love he needed. When he first started to receive the love, he seemed a little unsure of himself, not knowing how to react to this sort of thing. He would not allow you to pick him up. Or, once you had him in your arms, he wouldn't let you put him down. He's a funny sort of child but, you know, he learned quickly. He learned to wink back at you. He would pout and look at you from the top of his eyes and then break into a big smile. He learned to clap, to swim and how to say "Mama" and "Dada". He has all the love he needs, maybe a little bit more, maybe too much. But to see Kennedy now is like seeing a miracle. He's happy, he's healthy, and most of all, he has love.

Anonymous
Grade 9

He stood in the field.
His thoughts far away at home
at his mother's side.

Chris, come down from there.
You're going to fall, and get hurt. . .
Call an ambulance, quick!

Susan Gloster
Grade 9

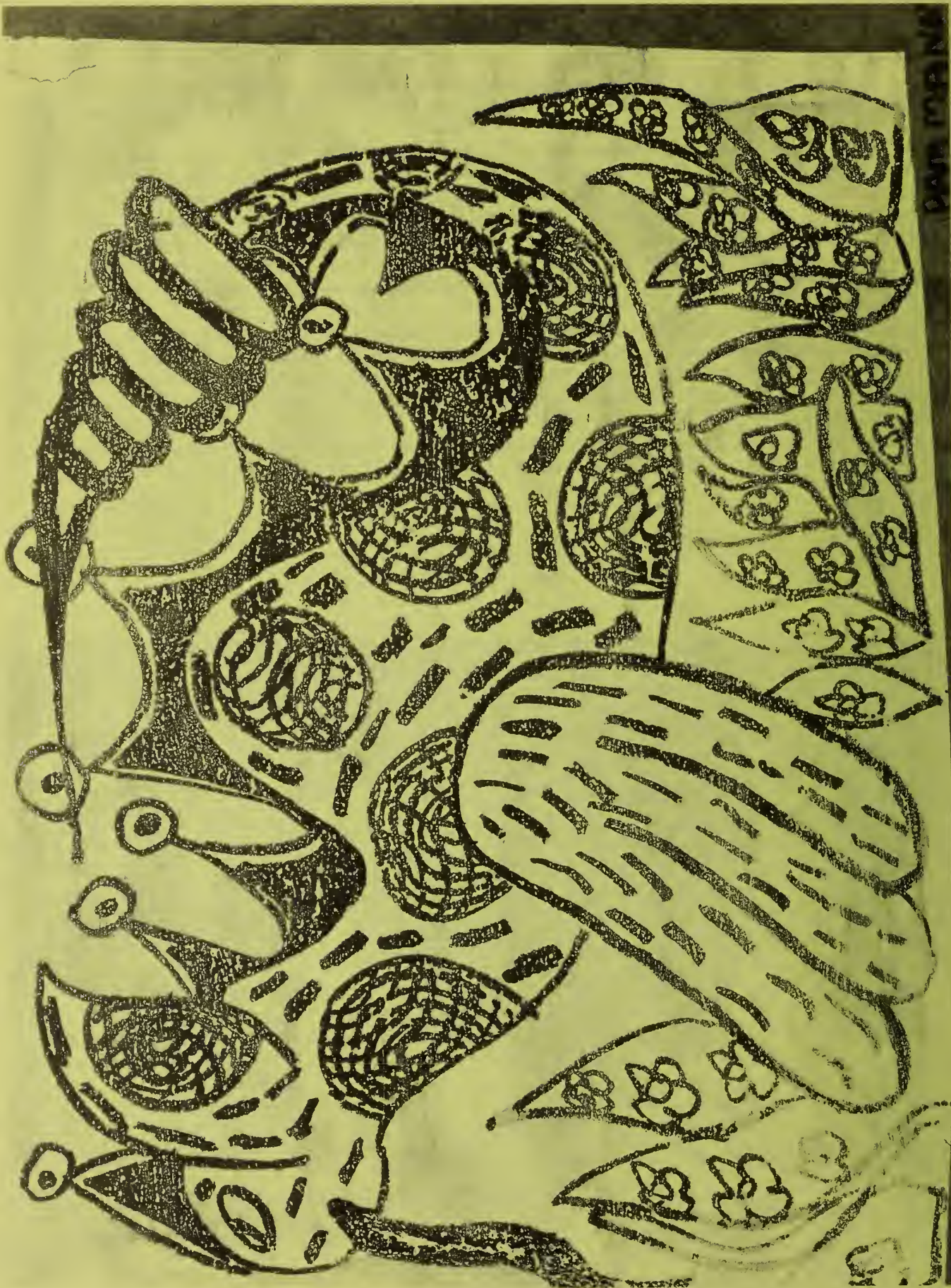
MY BIG MISTAKE

If only I had listened to Martha! Lost in the forest at eleven-thirty at night, I kept repeating to myself, "If only I had listened to Martha!" Why hadn't I turned left at the stop sign as Martha had said? Aunt Ann's house must be in the other direction. I hope Martha is coming to find me; otherwise I might never get to Aunt Ann's house! Suddenly heavy rain droplets started to fall on my back and I was getting soaking wet.

Behind me I thought I heard faint footsteps! Oh, maybe it is Martha. Should I call out? It could be somebody looking for trouble! If it is somebody like that, I don't want him to know I am here. Oh dear, Where could I hide? I searched desperately for a large rock or tree. Then, on a large grey rock across from where I was standing, was a shadow from the moonlight.

"Martha, is that you?"

Jennifer Cooper
Grade 7



PICTURES IN THE SKY

What do you see in the sky tonight?
I see the wildest things:
A marble stallion streaked with blue;
A dove with black-tinged wings.
A dog chases a cat; the cat a bird;
And the wind sweeps through!
The wild figures disappear,
Left now is only blue.
My favorite sport is to lie and watch
God mould with gentle hands,
The fat and thin cloud-shrouded shapes,
Which he spreads above the land.
What do you see in the sky tonight?
I see the sun preparing for sleep.
The gates of heaven are tightly closed
Til dawn, from the east, does creep.

Heather Brown
Grade 10

NUMBERS AND FIGURES

The numbers and figures
Confused and undone
On my homework papers
Mean math to be done.

There's times and tables
And addition too.
My math is a mess
And is quite hard to do.

The squares and squiggles
Are all in a blob.
But boy am I trying
To do a good job.

Paula Doyle
Grade 5

LOOKING OUT

I can see from my own little window,
The world outside that no one can see.

I can let go of reality and let my soul run free.
I can find an infinity to reach up and touch.

I can do a lot of things because . . .
I live behind my own window and you live behind yours.

Ann Hinton
Grade 11

REFLECTIONS

We are the old. We lie in uniform rows of metal beds with white sheets. We are the wrinkled grey occupants. We are waiting to die. They feed and put us to bed. Our friends and family are gone. They died a long time ago. We live here all alone, living in our memories. Nobody cares, nobody wants to listen so we lie here waiting to die, all alone, days into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, all alone. Death comes slowly, a grey hand covering youth and beauty. Once I was proud to reach the mountain peak and plant my flag, now, now I'm proud to dress myself! I was a man! Now I'm just one of the old folks waiting to die. Useless limbs, lead grey skin. Just waiting to die. Nobody cares. Just waiting to die. . .

Jane Everett
Grade 10

Mrs. Vadnais slowly descended the hospital steps. Reaching the bottom, she turned and looked up at the old place thinking how many people had spent their last few hours of life on one of its beds or stretchers.

She turned and waved to a parked taxi, not caring to cross the pavement to get to it. He circled a line of parked cars and pulled up along side of her and opened the back door. "153 Scarth Street, please." He left the parking lot and headed down a back street. She had never been in this part of town before but she noticed how beautiful its leaves were, changing bright colours and falling to the ground. The trees would soon be drab and bare and winter would settle in once again.

Mrs. Vadnais had just concluded a series of tests she had been having for almost four weeks now. She had always been very healthy as a child and woman up until now. About six months ago she started having a little difficulty with her vision. Thinking it was her glasses, she had a check up and her lenses were altered slightly. Not long after she thought she had solved her problem she started having quite severe headaches and a small bump had formed at the back of her head. It was then that she saw her doctor and the tests had started. The doctor finally gave her his diagnosis as to having a brain tumor and not much longer to live. Mrs. Vadnais had not really taken the tests seriously and she now found it very difficult to believe that there could really be anything that seriously wrong with herself.

The taxi pulled up to the curb. Mrs. Vadnais paid the fare registered and stepped out of the car, shutting the door very slowly behind her. She looked up at the old, small, stucco house and thought of all the memories she had in it from the day she and Ben had been married. All those memories, some personal, others shared, would soon be forgotten and left behind.

She sat down in the living room by the fireplace in her rocking chair. A tear came into her eye as she thought of all the dear friends and relatives she would have to leave behind. She wanted desperately to phone her son and family to say good-bye and thank them for all the wonderful times they had had together, but she knew it would only cause them to worry.

Mrs. Vadnais had had many good friends die lately but she had never thought that her day would soon come and she would have to leave everyone behind. She wondered if anyone else had felt this way before they died or had they been able to accept it as part of life. As a young girl she could never think of herself dying. She hoped she would always have something to occupy herself with so she would never be sitting doing nothing as she had imagined many elderly people doing.

Mrs. Vadnais got up slowly and headed to the kitchen to make some dinner. There probably would not be many more meals she would have to get ready and if she was going to be feeling the way she was now, there would not be much to get ready anyway. She got a can from the cupboard, opened it and put it in the pan on the stove.

She wondered if death would be as happy as some people had made it out to be. Would she really be able to see Ben once again or would she just lie in her dark coffin and sleep forever? It seemed rather dull and a bit scary. Her minister had often preached about the wonderful feeling they would all have when their time came to die but it looked awfully lonely to her.

Her soup was ready so she poured it into a bowl and sat down and started sipping it slowly. One of her headaches was coming on and it was worse than the others she had had. It was painful and tears came easily to her eyes. She sat her bowl of soup on the counter and went to her bedroom. She picked up her purse and took out the pills the neurologist had prescribed for her. She took out two and went for a glass of water. He had said they started working in twenty minutes or less but the pain was getting worse and she started groaning out loud. She went back to her room to take a third pill. The pain was unbearable and she dropped onto the bed. Tossing and turning on the bed she screamed. The pills were starting to work, the pressure was decreasing. She relaxed on the bed and silently cried.

Debbie Stilborn
Grade 12





MY ADVENTURES IN ALIXLAND

Once I was riding my horse. His name was Flash. Flash got wild and I fell off his back and while I was in the air, I started to shrink. Smaller and smaller, I got.

When I landed, I landed in a mouse hole. I was so small I fell into the hole. Down I went until I landed in a garden. I heard some people having a fight and saying, "My name is Alix." "No. My name is Alix." "No, no, no."

Oh, how I wished I was up with my mother and father. Then before you could say "Alix MacAulay" I was up with my Mom and Dad having a wonderful meal.

Alix MacAulay
Grade 3

Once in a faraway land, there was a town called Whales. In Whales, the people thought they were too poor so they moved to Venuc.

When they got to Venuc, they passed a palace with a princess in it. The princess sang as pretty as a canary.

After they passed the palace, they ran into a space monster. The monster captured them and took them to his cave. He fed them mushroom soup and fed them to his pet whale. None of them were ever seen again except one who escaped while the monster had gone after a mouse. His name was Shlickoff. He went back to his home and raised a family and he, too, was never seen again.

Barbara Leach
Grade 4

"I shall pass through this world but once; if there is any kindness or good I can do, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

DON'T EVER DO IT

Some people do things just to act big or to see what it does. Take drugs for instance. I think that nobody should take drugs or even give drugs to any other person. I think any people caught taking drugs should be taken to jail for life or for twenty years.

Lori Jacks
Grade 6

ORANGE

The massive ball of fire
coming up
over the horizon
greets good morning
to the world.

Joan Ashdown
Grade 9

THE PLANET OF RIPLOGONIS

The people of Riplogonis are very strange. They don't wear any clothes but they have red skin with yellow polka dots. They speak Ripley's language. (I made that up because I phoned Ripley's Believe It Or Not after I came down.) It is a very strange planet and for fun the Riples throw balls at each others heads which are very hard I'm glad to say). They eat Rip-berries and Cheesearoos. They say they are very good but I hate them.

Once when I was on the planet I asked them what they did for work. They said they worked as fulaboos which they really mean work as farmers mainly. Their other jobs are pebbuling, rubbtubing and racking. I don't quite know what these mean but they sound okay to me.

Once, while I was on the planet, the Riples' enemies, called the Googles, came zooming to the planet on their starmobile. They were armed with pieces of meteor lit by the sun, but the Riples were ready too because the sun was the Riples' friend and when the sun found out what the Googles were doing, the sun came near the planet and burnt up the Googles and they all died. Then I said goodbye.

Helen Robson
Grade 5

WINTER THOUGHTS

When winter comes around each year,
Through falling snowflakes in the air
I look at pale blue skies so clear,
And play in the snow without a care.

And with the winter comes each year
Jack Frost, the cold artistic man,
Who comes at night without a fear
To paint my window like a fan.

Wendy Wharton
Grade 7



IF I HAD A HIPPO

If I had a hippo I'd call him "Tiny", even though my mother would not agree.

If I had a hippo I'd feed him bread and butter three times a day, even though my mother would not agree.

If I had a hippo I'd play with him like a pup, even though my mother would not agree.

And when my hippo died, I would have the most expensive funeral in town, even though my mother would not agree!

Janet McLelland
Grade 5

GONE FOR NOW

What a beautiful morning! If only the whole world could take a minute to admire it, it is so... Speechlessly, Andrea sought for the words to describe the beginning of this fresh autumn day. I'm going to stay outdoors until the last ray of sun disappears behind the huge bulk of the world.

Oh, how wonderful it would be if I was a fairy princess and could fly all day. I can see it now, a lot of small gems sit in the patchwork of the countryside. I would fly along and meet a dove. She would offer to give me a ride. Of course I would accept, and away we would glide. I would snuggle into her down and become nice and warm from the golden sun hitting her broad back. She would fly to heaven and back to earth in time to let me down in a glorious pasture brimming over with merry life.

But soon it would be gone, the pleasure and the nearness. Gone for now, but hopefully back tomorrow.

Ellen Gibson
Grade 10

Winter days have come and gone away.
Fall days have come and gone away.
Today will come and go away
Like every other day.
Only memories will stay.

People have come and gone away.
Nature has come and gone away.
I will come and go away.
Only memories can stay.

Away, away, away,
Everything fades away.
Nature has no time to stay,
To stay for any day,
But memories can stay.

Mary Grace Ashdown
Grade 7

PUPPY-DOGS

Puppy-dogs are often brats,
They chew your slippers and chase the cats.
They bark and bite at the postman's legs.
They wreck the clothesline and eat the pegs.
They always scare your friends away,
Those who with you, were going to play.
But puppy-dogs aren't always wrong
For they will love you all along.

Heather Provis
Grade 6

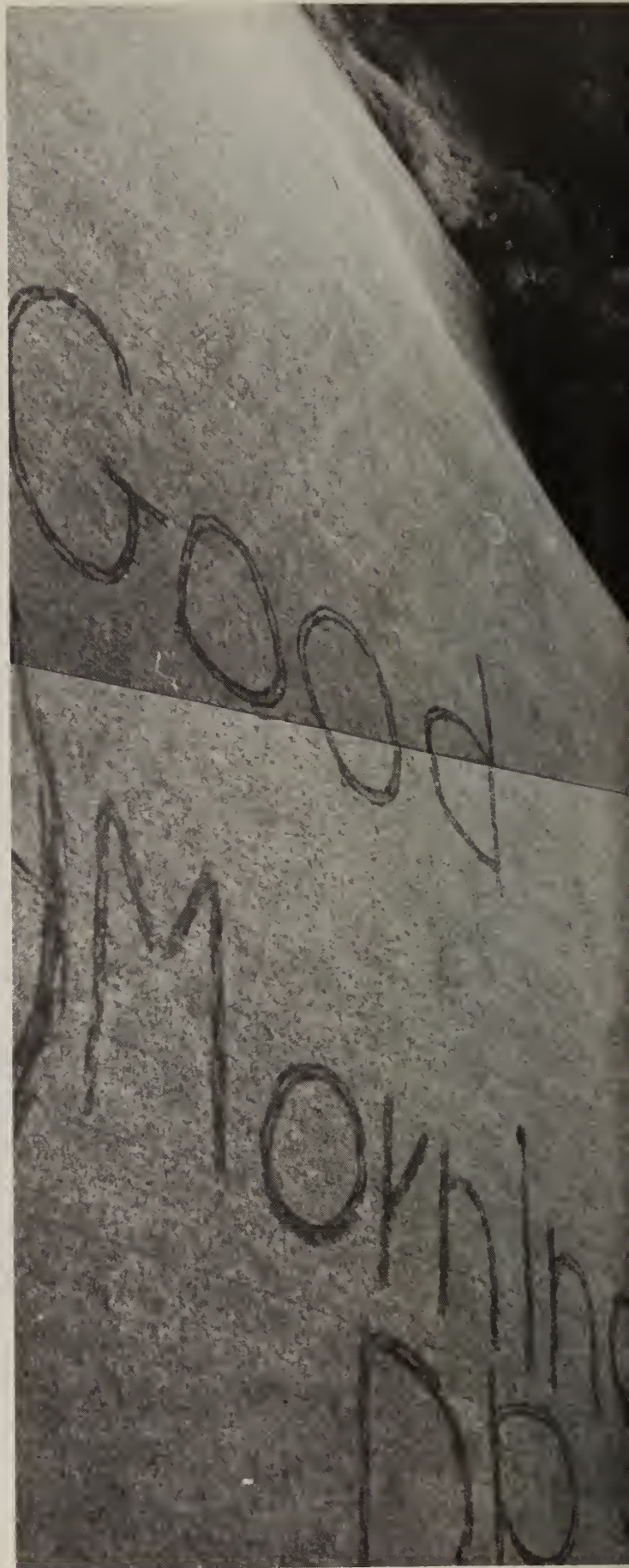




Please keep off the grass
Thankyou

J. Shephard







GRADES 5 AND 6



BACK ROW: J. Trites, S. James, S. Buchanan, S. Roblin, B. Berker, E. Marion, P. Stanley, K. Craig, L. Jacks, L. Colquhoun.

THIRD ROW: N. Murray, P. Doyle, V. Guy, K. Ross, E. Marion, N. Shelton, K. Everett, H. Provis, N. Hurley.

SECOND ROW: A. Heffelfinger, L. Roberts, H. Robson, B. Derksen, S. Wharton, S. Barbeau, J. Williams, S. Hollo.

FRONT ROW: S. Wallace, B. Schmidt, M. Glassco, E. Robertson, C. Sehon, S. Brown, J. McLellan.

MISSING: L. Milton.

GRADES 3 AND 4



TOP ROW: D. Morrison, S. Cordner, N. James, B. Leach, K. Dickof, C. Stanley, A. Sabbadini, A. Banfield, S. Muir, M. Edwards, D. Corrigan, V. Janzen.

MIDDLE ROW: L. Wasson, P. Gray, L. Wasson, J. Stewart, C. Dyck, J. St. John, B. Rivalin, C. Lutes, T. English, U. Reyes, N. Macdonald.

FRONT ROW: B. English, T. Jebali, A. Jahnke, H. Purves, G. McDonald, J. Pollock, M. McInnes, K. Purvis, W. Buchanan, M. Brodsky, A. Reyes, B. Marion.

MY BIRD

Once I saw a little bird. He sat on my window and he sang.
Then he came in my room. He said he was magic, so I said, "Could you take me to Balmoral Hall?" Then the bird said, "Tweet tweet" and he took me there. Now I have been going to school there for four years.

Karen Purvis
Grade 3



GRADES 1 AND 2



BACK ROW: S. Roberts, M. Baert, N. St. John, K. King, M. Jessiman, R. Unger, D. McInnes, L. de Jardin, G. Frost, M. Derksen, L. Osborne, L. Leach.

MIDDLE ROW: K. Burron, H. McDonald, K. Nelson, K. Burch, S. Ellis, J. Ross, T. Peresluka, E. Robertson.

FRONT ROW: N. Limboker, A. Osborne, J. Rattray, M. Provis, R. Baert, S. Kay, J. Kroeker.



KINDERGARTEN



BACK ROW: A. Keil, A. Bereznyay, C. Albi, M. McInnes, K. Dickson, K. Bechert.
FRONT ROW: A. Bjorklund, C. Lutes, S. Jahnke, K. Smith, D. Puttee.





NURSERY SCHOOL



P. Rivalin, A. Lopuck, T. Lim, M. Thompson, S. Moody, E. Konantz, N. Moharib, J. McVean, N. Ellis.















ODE TO THE INITIATES

Poor, pathetic, powerless, paltry slaves,
Today we'll tire you almost to your graves.
But think of us, the ones with experience
And never give us any interference,
There is no doubt our years in this school
Have given us absolute right to rule,
So cries for mercy will go unheard
As we make you do things most absurd.
You'll be bothered all day into paying your dues
With pledges and songs or whatever we choose.
A requirement of course is serving our whims
Ordering you about fills our cups to the brims
Then at 4:00 you'll be in the court Kangaroo,
No one will escape-no, not even you!

When this day is finally done
And through your paces you have run,
You'll thank us all for a very good time
And I can't think of another rhyme.

DECREES OF THE DAY:

All slaves must curtsy whenever they see a teacher
in the halls or upon entering a classroom.

At 11:05 after the snack all slaves not otherwise
occupied by masters are to congregate in front of the
staff coffee room to sing in unison a rousing version of
"You are My Sunshine". Masters please see to this.





INITIATION



STAFF



BACK ROW: Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Sures, Mrs. Trevenen, Mrs. Connelly, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Evans.

FRONT ROW: Mrs. Friesen, Mrs. Jaques, Mr. Isobe, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Hughes.

MISSING: Mrs. Ainley, Mrs. Honey, Mrs. Korol, Miss Oswald, Mrs. Sabbadini, Mrs. Stubbs, Dr. Lander, Mrs. Pluhar.



BACK ROW: Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Klymkiw, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Snider.
FRONT ROW: Miss Vis, Mrs. Coyne, Mrs. Larrett, Mrs. Burkett.
MISSING: Mrs. Konantz, Mrs. Caufman, Mrs. Willis, Mr. Murray.



CHOIR



BACK ROW: J. Cooper, P. Raidt, E. Chapman, J. Tennant, P. Mann, M. Ashdown, S. Gloster, I. Meek, A. Sperry, D. Stephen, L. MacLean, D. Stilborn, M. Whittaker, D. de Paiva, S. Stewart, T. Tuer.
MIDDLE ROW: Mrs. Honey, E. Cherewan, L. Ashdown, K. Purves, C. Shore, S. Richardson, C. Martin, S. Scanes, D. Salter, K. Dyke, L. Wharton, C. Osler, Mrs. Ainley.
FRONT ROW: E. McDonald, L. Konantz, J. Shephard, A. Borbely, W. Wharton, L. Evans, K. Holloway, L. Schmidt, L. Hawkes, E. Schmidt.

You mean the Grade 9's
actually have something
for prayers?!

That choir is better than a band by far!

Tell the choir to stop! I can't
take it anymore!



Well, despite the fact that we had a very small Senior Choir this year, the group that we did have did a great job in all the programs. Our Christmas program, even though it was rather hectic, turned out very well, and our May Day program was not only a lot of hard work, but also a lot of fun for both us and the audience.

This year has gone by so quickly, it's hard to believe that it is so near the end. Even though I won't be back next year, I hope that everyone has a good and profitable year, not only under a new Choir leader but under a new principal. So good luck to you all. I'll always remember you.

Love,
Isla.





DOLPHINS

Dolphins are among the many types of smaller toothed whales. They feed in seas and large rivers. The sharp teeth number about 160 to 200 in all. Dolphins are black above and white below. The Bottle-nosed Dolphin has a shorter and more up turned beak than the others. Dolphins jump in water.

Wendy Buchanan
Grade 3

SPORTS REPORT

Well, this year was not unlike previous ones when it comes to house spirit. The enrolment was down so the houses were very small and some house games had to be cancelled due to a lack of people. In previous years when enrolment was higher, people could get away with not attending house games, but not now. Who knows, maybe there will be no houses next year. I feel that would be a terrible shame because I feel that there is a little flicker of house spirit still left in the Senior grades. It would also be a big blow to Junior School because that is the place where spirit is mostly found. Whoever is Sports Captain next year, fight for houses because if they don't exist, there is absolutely no hope in restoring any spirit. Well enough of that.

Judo was introduced this year and two of us "graduated" to our vicious yellow belts (5 kyu) which is quite something. (Alright guys - watch out) It was a lot of fun for those who stayed right through until the end for you who didn't, maybe some other time. Maybe next year?

There is a lot to look forward to with a new Headmaster and maybe new sports will be introduced and better equipment. I would like to thank Mrs. Evans who really bent over backwards to help make my job much easier.

Good Luck Next year,
Mary Whittaker
Sports Captain 1972-73.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: L. Colquhoun, P. Stanley, V. Guy, L. Milton, K. Craig, L. Jacks, K. Everett, S. Buchanan, S. Roblin, J. Trites.

MIDDLE ROW: L. Ashdown, K. Dyke, L. Wharton, D. Salter, K. Purves, C. Martin, P. Mann.

FRONT ROW: M. Ashdown, L. Evans, W. Wharton, C. Shore, E. McDonald.

JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL



BACK ROW: M. Campbell, L. Oldham, J. Reid, M. Kaufman, N. Chapman, C. Martin.
MIDDLE ROW: E. MacTavish, K. Dyke, L. Wharton, E. MacDonald, P. Mann, M. Ashdown.
FRONT ROW: J. Ashdown, L. Ashdown, C. Shore, K. Purves.

HOUSE HEADS



Marnie Stovel (Ballater), Ann Hinton (Craig Gowan), Signy Stewart (Braemar), Angela Sperry (Glen Gairn).

To my fellow Glen Gairns,

Another year has come and gone, and again, it is time to say good-bye. I must say that this year has sped by so quickly that I really don't know where it went. Even so, that didn't stop Glen Gairn from moving with it. Right kids? I've had great participation from you all in our House Games. Thank you all. I mustn't forget to thank our mascot, "Pooh Bear", who supported us. Whether we won the Shield or not, you must admit our colour, Red, is the best.

I give my thanks to my Senior School Lieutenant, Cathy Sherman, who helped me this year, and my Junior House Lieutenant, Vicki Guy.

Well, Glen Gairn, I must close off now. I won't be with you but I wish you all the best of luck next year for years to come may the "Red House" win. You all have the spirit so get down and get with it kids!

Good-bye Glen Gairn and take care in the future.

All my love,
Angie.

Dear Ballater,

Well, it's hard to believe that another year has come to a close and once again Ballater has shown the least support in House Games of all the houses. As Head, it has been very discouraging so much so that I lost all enthusiasm very early in the year myself. Hopefully, in future years, Ballater will gain spirit in order that we may account for at least some of the school's get-up-and-go. The return of spirit to Balmoral Hall will have to be fought for. I've

got faith in you all. I know that with a little enthusiasm from each of you, Ballater will prosper. The school as a whole, however, would have to be a spirited one in order for our house to strengthen.

If it weren't for my grade 7's and 9's, I don't know what I would have done. I'll always think of you guys whenever I look back on my years at Balmoral Hall. I thank Jane Everett for her help and support. I also thank my Junior House Lieutenant, Kate Everett, for representing Ballater. I hope that next year, Junior School will be more involved in sports activities. It seems silly when you consider how enthusiastic they are and how eager they are to please, that during the entire course of the year, neither Jane nor I ever had anything to do with them whatsoever. To be honest with you, I would have much rather been involved with the Juniors.

I don't really have much else to say to you guys except that I sincerely hope that you will try to make an effort next year at least for the sake of your Head. I didn't like the idea of running around after you guys anymore than you did about making excuses. If you think House Games are simply a waste of time, then why don't you do something about them. I suppose your reason is that you simply can't be bothered. Well, enough of my complaining for now.

In any case I wish you all happiness in the years to come and if success happens to come your way, good luck in whatever it may concern.

Take care.

Love,
Marnie.

Dear fellow Braemarites and Shaggy,

It's hard to believe that another year is over. I would like to thank you all for your contributions to the literary and candid sections of the yearbook. Particularly the Junior School showed their enthusiasm in this area and also gave the House spirit a great boost with their Braemar skits which truly pointed out that "Blue is Beautiful".

Both Junior and Senior Sports Days were successful thanks to your fantastic participation. My special thanks to our Junior House Lieutenant, Sheila Buchanan, and Senior House Lieutenants, Jill MacAulay and Anne Khouw, for their splendid assistance.

I hope that the house system continues for many years at Balmoral Hall. It provides a unique opportunity for girls of a wide variety of ages to develop qualities of leadership, competition, and co-operation which will prove to be invaluable in later years.

In closing I would like to remind you that

Braemar is tops as everyone knows,
Rated "true Blue", our supremacy grows.
Although in the gym we are not outstanding
Everyone's spirit is really expanding.
May next year continue to bring you the best
As Braemar once more sets forth with the rest.
Remember your spirit-without it you're lost
and keep up that smiling, whatever the cost!

My best wishes for the future to you all,

Signy.

Dear Craig Gowan,

Once again another school year at Balmoral Hall has quickly passed. Although the variety in House Games, this year has been little, I was pleased with the participation I had when we did have them, especially the 7's, 11's, 12's. There was at least one person from the other grades. But participating in games is not all there is to House Spirit!

I did try to get things started by getting us a new mascot, Big Bird, but to little avail. There are individuals who have a lot of spirit but you need a unified spirit to keep the House together. That is the main reason we didn't get that mascot.

One of my biggest disappointments is the fact that the Juniors had no involvement in House Games, which I know they kept looking forward to. They are the most enthusiastic bunch of kids I have ever seen and they deserve to be recognized more as a part of the school. If you Juniors keep up the spirit, I know you will end up with the best Craig Gowan House this school has ever seen.

I would like to thank Moira Cruickshank for all the help she gave me and for coming out to every House Game we ever had. I wouldn't have been able to get along without her. It was difficult to run around "making" kids go to a House Game when they didn't want to go.

Well next year, Craig Gowan, I hope you show even more support than this year and I know we will be the best House around. Don't leave everything to your House Head; she needs all the support she can get! I'll be around next year to see that she gets it, too.

Be good and have fun!

Lots of Love,
Ann.

RESIDENCE

This last year of residence has been undoubtedly the most unusual. The fact that the number of boarders is so reduced from previous years probably accounts for this. Everything is so much more concentrated when there are only 17 girls. When the February blues hit, they hit hard. But even in those bad times there was one redeeming factor. In our mutual misery, we became closer to each other. That helped us make it through.

This doesn't mean it was all bad times. For when the boarders feel good, look out. Let it never be said that the boarders ever passed up an opportunity to celebrate, end of exams, end of term, birthdays, boyfriends, long-distance phone calls, food and just plain good moods.

I think that when we all look back on this year, we'll agree that despite all, it's been a good year. We've all left Balmoral Hall with something more than when we entered. Friendships have been made which will never be forgotten.

I'd like to thank Dawn, Brooke and Margo for helping with Dalton House, and thanks to all the boarders for being what you are.

Mandy Mallon









Helen and Mrs. Haga



RESIDENCE, REMEMBER. . .

- ... getting reacquainted?
- ... the night the cops came?
- ... Christmas water fights?
- ... the cute little puppy dog noses?
- ... Brooke's figment of imagination?
- ... Farmer Deb and her cow Moo-moo?
- ... Lois's White Christmas?
- ... Susan Gloster?
- ... when everyone wanted to visit Mandy's balcony?
- ... the case of the disappearing bread?
- ... the many, many diets and the results-fatness?
- ... all the bummed out phone calls?
- ... an overabundance of male visitors?
- ... Mary's spring cleaning-out the window?
- ... Dawn falling for John (way down to the ground)?
- ... St. Paul's and "Where is that louse"?
- ... the last night of freedom in Aikin's House?
- ... the Grade 12's surprise Christmas party?
- ... Mary in her full hockey uniform out of the window?
- ... Marnie falling asleep at the breakfast table?
- ... the friendly neighbour rope ladder man?
- ... the Stanley Cup? Yeah Montreal!
- ... Kim's groovy brown shoes?
- ... Tuer-the phone hog?
- ... Mandy's winter sunburn?
- ... when the flood comes, Brooke runs?
- ... Mr. Ali?
- ... Angie's trunk key and the bathroom door?
- ... Newfie's guffaw?
- ... Aikin's House stairs and Mandy's heavy trunk?
- ... celebrating the end of exams?
- ... Isla's love affair with the toilet?

- ... The Hot Line?
- ... Lois's passion for fresh air?
- ... who's that at the door-Tuer?
- ... toast night in Mandy's room?
- ... Victoria's Day weekend and new loves?
- ... Dalton House airing out their laundry?
- ... Mr. Groovy, freak, Richard, Don, Bucky, Craig, John, Gordy, Norm, Bob, Cam, George, Ed, Gerald, Greg, Carol V., J.B., Mike, Bill, Emy, Danny, Gord.....?
- ... Tuesday and Do-Ray?
- ... comparing suntans?
- ... Squires after four?
- ... eating out at Isla?
- ... the ceiling falling in Aikin's House?
- ... how many seconds left, Mandy?
- ... 2 water fights in Aikin's House?
- ... bucking the system?
- ... Mandy's zoo and her green thumb?
- ... all the talks after lights out?
- ... Mal-born slice?
- ... meetings in the blue room?
- ... whoops! Missed the bed hey, Louse?
- ... the morning mail?
- ... Ringa the Dinga?
- ... Mary, gotta smoke?
- ... the first frost -morning D.P.?
- ... spare ribs and rice?
- ... Kim and Mandy-too alike for their own good?
- ... Thursday night-the friendly monster?
- ... Mary's doggy bag?

Remember us-the last of the boarders!
Look out YWCA, here we come!







EXECUTIVE COUNCIL



BACK ROW: A. Sperry, Glen Gairn House Head; A. Mallon, Head of Residence; P. Tuer, Head Girl; L. MacLean, School Captain; M. Stovel, Ballater House Head; D. de Paiva, 1st Term Vice-President.
MIDDLE ROW: I. Meek, Head of Choir; D. Stilborn, 2nd Term President; M. Whittaker, Sports Captain; M. Cruickshank, Yearbook Editor; K. Aldrich, 1st Term President.
FRONT ROW: S. Stewart, Braemar House Head; A. Hinton, Craig Gowan House Head; W. Jones 2nd Term Vice-President.



GRADUATION DANCE, JUNE 8, 1973



BACK ROW: Dolores de Paiva, Beverley Jacks, Deborah Stilborn, Kim Aldrich, Amanda Mallon.
FRONT ROW: Laurel Yetman, Patricia Tuer, Mary Whittaker, Lois MacLean, Wendy Jones.

Balmoral Hall



Closing Exercises

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1973
2:00 P.M.
WESTMINSTER UNITED CHURCH

PROGRAMME

"O CANADA"

Opening Prayer

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from Thee.

Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love hath giv'n,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heav'n.

With A Voice Of Singing	Amen. Choir
Chairman's Remarks	R. P. Roblin
Guest Speaker	Rev. Reid E. Vipond
Presentation of Awards	Mrs. B. Chown
Valedictory	Patricia Tuer, Head Girl
Executive Council Presentation	
of Pins to Head Girl,	School Captain, Sports Captain
Closing Remarks	Dr. H. M. Perry
Presentation of Diplomas	Mrs. B. Chown
Born Free	Choir
The Lord's Prayer	School
"The Queen"	Choir
The Hebrew Benediction	Choir

SUBJECT AND AWARD

Canadian History 200 (tie)	Cathy Sherman and Signy Stewart (Julia M. Adamson Bequest)
English 300	Lois MacLean
French (Senior High)	Signy Stewart (Clare McCulloch Memorial Award)
German 300	Patricia Tuer
Geography 300	Wendy Jones
Julia M. Adamson - Can. Hist. Essays	
Grade XI and XII (tie)	Cathy Sherman and Signy Stewart
Hon. Mention	Ann Hinton

Awards Already Presented EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Head Girl	Patricia Tuer
School Captain	Lois MacLean
Sports Captain	Mary Whittaker

House Heads -	
Ballater	Marnie Stovel (Dalton Memorial)
Braemar	Signy Stewart (Hoskin Memorial)
Craig Gowan	Ann Hinton (Riverbend Award)
Glen Gairn	Angela Sperry (Grace Edgar Memorial)
Head of Residence	Amanda Mallon
Head of Choir	Isla Meek

Clare McCulloch Memorial Award for Creative Art Isla Meek
(Presented by 1965 Grads)

Rosemary Gordon Condo	
Memorial Library Award	Susan Gloster and Heather Brown
Fire Marshall	Deborah Stilborn
Editor - Yearbook	Moira Cruickshank
Julia M. Adamson History Essay and Project Competition,	
Junior School Awards (tie) Kathleen Everett, Victoria Guy,	
Elizabeth Marion	
Hon. Mention -	Pearl-Jean Stanley and Heather Provis
Julia M. Adamson, Junior High School History Essay, Grade IX	
and X	
1st - Rebecca Menzies - 2nd (tie) - Mary Jo Campbell and	
Deborah Metcalfe	
Julia M. Adamson Junior High School History Essays, Grade VII	
and VIII	

1st - Wendy Wharton - 2nd - Laurie Wharton

GYMNASTICS AND ATHLETICS

Gymnastics - Midget	Wendy Buchanan
Junior	Kathleen Everett
Intermediate	Drew Salter (T. Harry Webb Bequest)
Senior	Jane Everett

Highest Individual Points for Sports -

Gymnastics - Midget	
Junior	
Intermediate	
Senior	

House Cups -

Sports Day	
Volleyball	Glen Cairn
Basketball	Craig Gowan

SPECIAL AWARDS

Presentation of the Pin to the Head Girl	Patricia Tuer
Presentation of Dalton Award to School Captain	Lois MacLean
Presentation of Cup to Sports Captain	Mary Whittaker
The Sir James Aikins Memorial House Trophy	
Governor-General's Bronze Medal	Signy Stewart
Elizabeth Patton Memorial Shield	Signy Stewart
M. Cole-Davis Department Award	Patricia Tuer
G. Murrell-Wright Award	Margo Cameron
Rosemary G. Condo Memorial Award	Moira Cruickshank

Presented by Balmoral Hall Alumnae Association

BALMORAL HALL DIPLOMAS

Kim Aldrich	Wendy Jones	Patricia Tuer
Dolores de Paiva	Lois MacLean	Mary Whittaker
Beverly Jacks	Amanda Mallon	Laurel Yetman
	Deborah Stilborn	

SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES

Balmoral Hall Alumnae Scholarship	Mary Jo Campbell (Commendable Average in Grade IX)
Havergal-Rupert's Land Scholarship	Leslie Riley (Commendable Average in Grade X)
Havergal-Rupert's Land Scholarship	Cathy Sherman (Commendable Average in Grade XI)
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His Excellence The Governor-General of Canada, Mrs. Harold Aikins, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Condo, Balmoral Hall Alumnae Association, Mrs. B. Chown, Mrs. W. H. Collum, Mrs. M. Cole-Davis, Mrs. James A. Dowler, Miss M. Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. A. McCulloch, The Graduates of 1947 and 1962.

CLOSING EXERCISES



BACK ROW: Deborah Stilborn, Beverley Jacks, Amanda Mallon, Wendy Jones, Mary Whittaker, Kim Aldrich.
FRONT ROW: Laurel Yetman, Dolores de Paiva, Patricia Tuer, Lois MacLean.









MY SILVER SKIS

Silently sliding past the trees,
Sliding smoothly, with perfect ease.
Like magic I turn my silver skis;
They twist me and turn me wherever I please.

I start at the top, I'm up very high,
I see bits of the sun and bits of the sky.
And, as I go swiftly racing by,
I get the feeling I really could fly!

Then into the deep powder snow I will go.
So fast but sure, I will race to and fro.
My feet are ahead; the trail I well know
As I fly down the slope through the dazzling snow.

I got to the end of my afternoon run.
I enjoyed seeing the sky, snow and sun.
Soon it must end, the day will be done,
But my mind will be spinning with memories of fun.

I looked at my silver skis and the snow.
With quite wishful thinking and a last look at the tow,
I skied back to my house and saw the bright glow
Of lights in the windows, all in a row.

Lorraine Ashdown
Grade 7.





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Werner Lake, Ont	807 3351	
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HOVMAND, Thor			
56 Tanoak Park Dr., R2V 2W5	339	7659	
HURLEY, Nuala			
139 Middlegate, R3C 2C6	783	7894	
JACKS, Barbara, Beverley and Lori Ann			
291 Yale Ave., R3M OL4	475	5539	
JAHNKE, Angela and Silvia			
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Box 172A, R.R. No. 5	222	8996	
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PERESLUKA, Tokyne			
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932 Renfrew Bay, R3N 1K6	489	4780		Box 64, Fort Smith, N.W.T.	872	2268	
PUTTEE, Diana				STANLEY, Carolyn and Pearl Jean			
171 Cordova St., R3N 1A2	489	3094		93 Middlegate, R3C 2C6	783	9005	
RAIDT, Patricia				STEPHEN, Dawn			
456 Grenadier Dr., R3N OL8	489	4035		308 River Ave. W., Dauphin, R7N OJ5	638	6445	
RATTRAY, Jennifer				STEWART, Margaret			
62 Harvard Ave., R3M OK3	284	0217		53 Devonport Blvd., R3P OB1	888	0579	
REID, Jennifer				STEWART, Jane and Signy			
178 Harvard Ave., R3M OK6	284	0947		137 Elm St., R3M 3N4	453	2285	
REYES, Andrea and Urte				STILBORN, Deborah			
674 Wellington Cresc., R3M OC2	474	2780		Drawer 126, Lorlie, Sask	335	2579	
RICHARDSON, Sara				STOVEL, Marnie			
5209 Roblin Blvd., R3R OH1	832	5433		4701 Willard Ave., Apt. 1503			
RILEY, Leslie				Chevy Chase, Md. 20015.			
43 Middlegate, R3C 2C5	772	4467		TAM, May Alicia			
RIVALIN, Barbara and Paul				NO. 103 - 53 Furby St., R3C 2A2	775	6788	
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ROBERTS, Laura				301 Bower Blvd., R3P OL4	888	9740	
51 Balsalm Pl., R2H 1K8	452	5025		THOMPSON, Andrew			
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ROBLIN, Susan				6 Birkenhead Ave., R3P OP1	888	4324	
616 Cloutier Dr., SS4 Fort Garry, R3T 2E7	269	1381		TUER, Patricia			
ROBSON, Helen				Box 70, Rorketon, Man., ROL 1RO	732	2265	
784 South Drive, R3T OC3	475	5886		UNGER, Rhonda			
ROSS, Jacqueline and Katina				122 Garfield St. S., R3G 2L8	774	3016	
630 Cloutier Dr., SS4, Fort Garry, R3T 2E7	269	1315		WALLACE, Sarah			
SABBADINI, Annarosa				59 Kingsway Ave., R3M OG2	453	7816	
66 Harvard Ave., R3M OK3	284	5877		WASSON, Lisa and Lynne			
ST. JOHN, Juliet and Nicola				64 Roslyn Cresc., R3L OH7	284	0788	
200 Dromore Ave., R3M OJ5	284	1089		WHARTON, Laurie, Susan and Wendy			
SALTER, Drew				170 Ubique Cresc., R3N 1W2	489	9789	
114 Grenfell Blvd., R3P OB7	489	5115		WHITTAKER, Mary			
SCANES, Sandra				13112 66th Ave., Edmonton, Alta	434	8073	
702 Hugo St., R3L 2N4	284	3651		WHITEFORD, Janet			
SCHMIDT, Barbara, Elizabeth and Laura				106 Middlegate, R3C 2C7	775	2602	
100 Tuxedo Blvd., R3N OH5	489	5966		WILLIAMS, Jane			
SEHON, Caroline				265 Ubique Cresc., R3N 1W3	489	5633	
694 Academy Rd., R3N OG1	489	4837		YETMAN, Laurel			
SHELTON, Nancy				91 Tulane Bay, R3T 2T8	269	2141	
900 Dorchester St., R3M OR8	474	2820					
SHEPHARD, Jeannette and Suzanne							
265 Harvard Ave., R3M OK1	452	1503					



